

Lincoln, O. 12.

WORLD'S EVENTS



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Gateway to Soldiers' Home at Washington, Where Lincoln Went for His Last Drive

Last Days of Abraham Lincoln, and the Washington Relic House

AUTHORS, painters and sculptors have vied with each other in depicting the last days of Napoleon. From them we have been given a composite idea of the exiled emperor brooding over maps, tracing his famous marches, or gazing with heart-breaking bitterness on pictures of the countries over which he once held sway. There is something universally touching in the tragedy of Napoleon's last days, and it is no wonder that genius has so often felt compelled to immortalize that period in the life of the great conqueror.

Forty-two years ago last April there passed away a man who, in the eyes of those who measure greatness by goodness, was even greater than Napoleon. Abraham Lincoln in his last days was also reviewing old battle-grounds, counting his victories—but differently from Napoleon. He was rejoicing not that the North had won, not that he had annexed anew a beaten country to that over which he presided, but that he had seen accomplished the things which made a reunited country—a country in which there would be no foothold for slavery. And yet, though far more noble in his attitude than Napoleon in his last days, though he might have been clothed with the mantle of victory, those last days of his are not vested with the glamour given the de-throned emperor. Indeed, death alone seemed to give to Lincoln that dignity which life had denied him. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that Lincoln was a homely, awkward man, with a fondness for swapping yarns which placed him beneath the clown's cap rather than under the king's crown. He enjoyed a joke at his own expense, and no man can do that and yet command reverence. People are apt to take us at our own valuation, especially when that valuation is a light one.

On the morning of Lincoln's second inauguration, 1865, he refused to go to the Capitol under escort, but repaired there early in the day to sign some important bills. The day was stormy, and as Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by Senators Harlan and Anthony, rode in the President's closed carriage towards the Capitol, they were wildly cheered by the waiting people, who believed Lincoln to be seated with them. When the procession arrived at the Capitol, he witnessed the inauguration of Vice-President Johnson, took the oath of office from Chief Justice Chase, and then passed to the eastern portico, where he delivered his memorable speech, "With malice towards none, with charity for all." A large military force escorted him back to the White House, among them some negro troops, a most unusual sight, as this was the first time a negro had marched in an inaugural parade. Arriving at the White House he held an informal reception in the East Room, greeting white and black, responding good-naturedly to all congratulations, and after the multitude had gone away repaired to his office, there to take up some pressing work. On the following Monday night, he attended the inaugural ball given in his honor at the Patent Office. While fear that the President might be assassinated on the occasion of his second inauguration was expressed by some, the feeling was not so great as at his first inauguration. Mr. Lincoln had jokingly remarked that Secretary Stanton was so constantly warning him

that an attempt might be made on his life that he even dreamed of it at night, and often awoke in terror that the thing was actually taking place. He was no coward, however, for he said on one occasion:

"I long ago made up my mind that if anybody wanted to kill me, he would find a way to do it, even if I wore a shirt of mail and surrounded myself with a body-guard. There are a thousand ways of getting at a man if it is desirable that he be killed."

Fortified by this logic, he left the Capitol towards the end of March to make an excursion into the enemy's country. While at City Point, Va., he was met by Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman, and after these generals had gone their separate ways, he still remained there visiting his son, Robert, who was quartered at that place. While there, on the second of April, he received news of Grant's bombardment of Petersburg and the fall of Richmond. He had visited the various Union camps as he proceeded up the James River and was in excellent spirits, not only because of the good news that came from his generals, but that "his boys" gave him such a warm welcome. Not being aware at that time that Richmond was burning, the President made arrangements that day to journey up the river on the steamer *City Queen*, and proceed with Admiral Porter on board the flagship *Malvern* to Richmond. But the blocked condition of the river made it impossible for the larger vessels to run up to the captured city, and one of Porter's barges was manned with twelve sailors, and in this Lincoln and the admiral proceeded to Richmond. They landed near Libbey Prison, and with a guard of ten armed sailors entered the streets in that city of consternation and confusion. The majority of the white inhabitants paid but little attention to this visit from the President, and, strange as it may seem, he was not even threatened as he passed leisurely along. The negroes, however, were greatly excited, fighting, jostling, clamoring for a look upon their "savior." Lincoln was greatly touched at their childlike worship and tears shone in his deep-set eyes, as

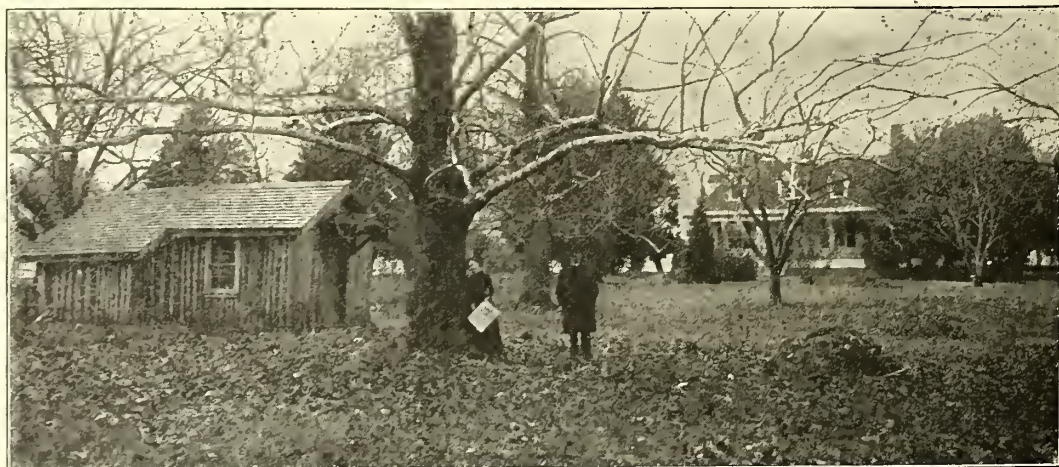
he gave them his hands. When it was learned by the cabinet officers that he had exposed himself thus, in the capital of the Confederacy at such a critical time, the act was denounced as being most foolhardy, and many claimed that he gave but little thought to the effect it would have on the nation were he killed just upon the eve of expected peace. But Lincoln knew that the nation which had lived through many great crises would not fall because of the death of one man, even though he were President. He was correct in his prophecy that he would be attacked, if ever, in the midst of friends.

Once more back in Washington, he waited for news of Lee's surrender. On Palm Sunday, April 8, he, with all Washington, waited in hourly expectation of the good news. On Monday morning, the guns from the forts surrounding the city boomed forth a jubilant chorus emphatically proclaiming news of the surrender at Appomattox. Citizens thronged to the White House, and those who could not find room inside filled up the lawns, fired salutes, and called so lustily for the President, that he stepped out on the portico, smiled, and bowed again and again, in response to the rousing cheers. They called for a speech, and brushing back the great tears with his hand, he congratulated them that the war was at an end and the union saved to them and their children. He said that he was aware they wanted a speech from him then and there, but, in view of the fact that a larger celebration was to be held later, he would save it till then, "not dribble it out now." This put the crowd in a good humor, and showing their appreciation in a hearty laugh, they cheered again and slowly moved out of the grounds, cheering for Grant and his soldiers as they went. Over in the Treasury Department the clerks mustered in the corridors and made the walls ring with the Doxology. Little work was done in Washington on that eventful day.

In anticipation of the great celebration to be held on the night of the eleventh of April, Lincoln wrote his speech. He said that some Boston people had criticised his ungraceful deliveries, and complained of the lack of scholarly touches therein, and so he determined that he would write out this speech and read every word he uttered on this momentous night. In this speech he disappointed many, for it was more of a political dissertation than a triumphant oration.

All Washington was illuminated that night. In the grounds of the White House, a small battery from the navy yard, a brass band, and a great deal of fireworks made things lively, while the crowd waited for the President to appear. Little Tad helped amuse the great crowd, too. By some means, he had secured one of the captured Confederate flags, and this he waved vigorously from one of the upper windows of the mansion, while roars came from the delighted people below. Finally, one of the servants having discovered the cause of this extra excitement, pounced upon Master Tad and promptly confiscated the twice-captured banner. Soon Tad reappeared with his father, who, taking position in the center window overlooking the portico, in the upper part of the house, began to read his speech. As he finished a sheet he let it drop to the floor and Tad picked them up with an air of great importance. Two candles were placed for Lincoln to read by, but they fluttered badly, and the light was poor, so he picked up one and would have read with it in his hand did not one of the company take it from him and hold it. This humble picture was the last which the general public had of the great emancipator.

During those last days he took rides out towards the Soldiers' Home, his favorite jaunt, and to his companions he spoke longingly of the time when his term of office would be at an end and he free to return to Illinois as a private citizen. Far from feeling that he would then deserve a



Headquarters of Grant at City Point, Va., Where Lincoln Made His Last Visit to the Army Officers in the Field

long rest, he expressed himself as being eager to practice law again. There was then no shadow on his mental horizon, such as came on the morning of Good Friday while he still slept. This was in the form of one of those peculiar dreams, which some few have, of places and things not known to them in their waking life, but which persistently present themselves in dreams and seem as familiar as if they actually belonged to one's real life. When Lincoln's Cabinet met that morning, they were joined by General Grant, who told the President that he was somewhat non-plussed at General Sherman's silence. Whereupon Lincoln assured him that they would soon have news from the Carolinas, telling them that Johnston had at last surrendered to Sherman. He said that, before he awoke that morning, he took one of his mysterious journeys on an indescribable vessel moving swiftly towards a dark shore. This vision, he said, he had experienced before the great battles of Antietam, Gettysburg, and Vicksburg, and he was certain that it foreshadowed some great event. Grant bluntly disowned believing in dreams, and said he would feel easier when definite word came from Sherman.

The Cabinet meeting was then held, when the matter of trade between the States and other reconstruction topics were discussed. Lincoln spoke feelingly of his desire to see peace established as speedily as possible, saying: "No one need expect that I will take part in the killing or hanging of any of these men, even the worst of them. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union." Such were his sentiments, and none dispute the fact that, had he been spared to the country, the "reconstruction period" would not have assumed an aspect more terrible than actual war to the Southern people.

When the Cabinet dispersed, Lincoln spent a happy hour chatting with his son Robert, who had just returned from the field in company with General Grant. He saw but a small number of intimate friends on that day, and spoke of what a "Good Friday" this seemed to him, and all agreed with him, looking forward to the most peaceful Easter Sunday in several years.

Mr. Lincoln was very fond of the theater, and as Good Friday was not so strictly observed then as now, in America, he decided to attend the theater that night to witness the play, "The American Cousin." Accordingly, a White House messenger was despatched to secure the use of the private box. When Mr. Ford, the manager of Ford's Theater, learned that the presidential party would attend that night, he consulted the decoration committee of "The Treasury Guard," as to whether they would object to leaving the decorations put up for their ball, held two nights previous, until the morning of the fifteenth, as the box which the President would occupy was beautifully decorated with the Guard's American flag, presented by the women of the Treasury Department, in 1862, to the volunteer guard of the United States Treasury. The officers of the guard readily consented to have the flag remain, and it was this flag which has become known as "the mute avenger of the Nation's Chief," for in its folds Booth's spur was caught as he leaped to the stage after shooting the President.

Having settled that he would go to the theater that evening with Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone, the President ordered the carriage and went with his wife for a drive. During it, he recalled to her mind many incidents of their past life, happy ones, for he seemed in a happy mood that afternoon. On their return they dined, then began to dress for the theater. While he was dressing, Lincoln was informed that Senator Henderson, of Missouri, wished to see him on very important business. Lincoln ordered that he be shown in, and after listening to his plea for the pardon of George S. Vaughan, then under sentence of death for being a Confederate spy, he picked up a pen and wrote an order for the unconditional release of the prisoner, inasmuch as war was practically over. This was his last official act. An hour later he had been shot.

The story of Lincoln's assassination is too well known to be retold here. The theater in which he was shot still stands, and is used by the Government for offices. Across the street is the house in which he breathed his last on the morning of April 15. It is now the home of the Lincoln Memorial Museum, a collection of souvenirs begun by O. H. Oldroyd forty-seven years ago, when he began to save souvenirs of Lincoln's first campaign. From this modest beginning, he built up what is now the most complete collection of Lincoln relics in existence. For fourteen years Mr. Oldroyd's collection occupied the Lincoln home-stand at Springfield, Ill., but about fourteen years ago, at the request of the Memorial Association of the District of Columbia, he brought it to Washington and arranged it in the rooms of the old, neglected house on Tenth Street, the most sacred relic of all.

The old-fashioned, stuffy hall is covered with portraits of Lincoln to the number of two hundred. The small room in the rear of this hall is where Lincoln died. It is but twelve by fifteen feet, but it is calculated that twenty-five persons stood there on the night he lay there totally unconscious. In the place where the death-bed stood is now kept the red chair in which he was seated at the theater. Over the mantel in the large, front room hangs "the mute avenger," the flag which decorated his box on that fatal Good Friday night, and in a large cabinet containing many interesting relics, are to be seen pieces of the wall-paper of the box and the coarse, white lace curtain with which it was draped.

Here, too, we find the very spur which made Booth fall on the stage, and so hastened his capture; the official proclamation offering \$50,000 for his capture; the key of the penitentiary where the conspirators were hanged, and pieces of the rope used for that purpose. These ghoulish relics are off-set by many hundreds which bring to our minds different periods in the life of Lincoln, and to these we turn willingly, for they are treasures by which we can trace many homely, lovable traits of the man Lincoln, not the horrors surrounding the deed which took him from his country.

From Bridge Carpenter to Railroad Superintendent

Along the inspirational line no sweeter song could be sung than that of Alfred H. Smith, general manager of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. He presents a shining example of the American youth who has climbed, apparently, without assistance.

When Mr. Smith went to the New York Central as general superintendent, he was only ten years removed from a bridge carpenter. He was building a bridge on one of the branch lines of the Lake Shore Railroad in Ohio when Wm. H. Newman came to the conclusion that he was entirely too good looking to be wasting his time in determining how much stress a certain bridge would stand. Incidentally, Mr. Newman does not judge manly beauty by the contour of the face but by the amount of intelligence which shines from the eyes. Mr. Newman consequently took Mr. Smith to Cleveland and made him superintendent of a division. Afterwards



Alfred H. Smith

he made him a general superintendent, and it was in that position that he came under the eye of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

It happens that the Vanderbilt officials in New York constitute a sort of a railroad family. Mr. Vanderbilt usually likes to have in his family men who appear easy and at home in an evening suit. Just at that time the New York Central had for a general superintendent one of the finest old railroad men in the whole world. He knew more about engines and tracks, switches, passing sidings, industrial connections, and all that, than any other man in the business. He knew more about relieving a congested yard than all the yardmasters under his control. But this old railroad had an unfortunate habit of chewing tobacco, and sometimes there were marks of his tobacco-chewing on his shirt front. This, of course, would never do in the official Vanderbilt family in New York, and so somebody else must be sent to the Grand Central Station at Forty-Second Street to become the general superintendent.

Mr. Smith was the next in line for promotion. His carriage was easy and graceful, his shoulders were broad and gave indication of strength, his face was clean-cut, his eyes were intelligent, and he had about him every mark of a dignified and cultured man. And so Mr. Smith was added to the Vanderbilt family in New York, becoming general superintendent, from which position he soon rose, under Mr. Newman's eye, to that of general manager.

A Log Cabin Candidate

The Republican party seems to be having a great deal of difficulty to select a Presidential candidate. One of the prime requisites appears to be that the applicant should have been born in a log cabin.

Mr. Fairbanks forgot exactly where he was born and a member of his publicity bureau dug up a picture of a log cabin and gave that to the press.

But it was proved conclusively that Mr. Fairbanks was not only not born in a log cabin, but first saw the light of day in a very good-looking brick house. As a Presidential candidate Mr. Fairbanks disappeared.

Mr. Taft's father was an attorney-general of the United States, and consequently he was not residing, at the time, in a log cabin. Mr. Foraker has been so long surrounded by the influences of corporation wealth that even if he had been born in a log cabin he would not be willing to admit it. Mr. Hughes comes from a State where log cabins have not been in fashion since the Revolution, consequently he is outclassed. Up to this time the party had been looking for a man with a clear head and a clean record, strong Republican principles, a good man on the stump, and at the same time with a good, clean record as far as log-cabin origin is concerned. Therefore permit us, gentlemen of the Repub-



Augustus A. E. Willson

lican party, to call to your august attention the Hon. Augustus E. Willson, Republican governor of the State of Kentucky by a recent election.

Not only was he born in a log cabin, but his mother, when he was still a baby, made a trip from the head waters of the Ohio to their home at Maysville, Kentucky, on board a raft.

It has been frequently urged, in favor of Mr. Taft, that he represents the dignity of the bench. Permit us to call attention to the fact that the Hon. Augustus E. Willson was a law student in the law office of Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court. If there is any desire that the President of the United States should be a man of classical learning, permit us to call attention to Mr. Willson's career in Harvard University, where he probably learned the mysteries of a banjo and a guitar quite as readily as do the youths of to-day.

All raillery and fooling aside, the new executive of the State of Kentucky is a man of remarkable character, unusual power, dignity of appearance, courtliness of manner, according to the Southern idea; an aristocrat in habits but a Democrat in ideas. He is one of those men who appreciate the niceties of organized society, but at the same time is able to appreciate the needs, condition in life, and mode of living of those who are not so fortunate as he in the possession of this world's goods. He has come to his attainments through hard knocks and his own unceasing toil, and, while he enjoys the results of his own labor, he has not forgotten the means by which he climbed. Being of the stock of the wilderness and of the hardy pioneer, he has that ruggedness of personal character which makes him stand out essentially an individual.

In his first campaign for public office he was opposed by a man by the name of Willis, a shrewd trickster on the platform, who sought to appeal to the German element by delivering a set address in their own language. Mr. Willson was convinced that his opponent's speech was merely intended as a vote-getter, and proceeded to ask questions in broken German, which so completely confounded the opposing candidate that the little trick was given over for the rest of that campaign. And so it has been through his entire political career—a clean-cut, honest, dignified partisan who has fought the game of politics, but fought it squarely and in the open. The public of Kentucky, nominally a Democratic State, recently expressed its opinion of Mr. Willson by electing him governor by a very large majority.

